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Prince Albert is sold in tippy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidor and in the pound crystal glass. A mild or with sponge moistener top.



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the national joy smoke

WE WILL HELP YOU BRING JOY TO THAT ABSENT ONE



The "Home Paper" is the fondest visitor to every city dweller thrown by circumstances among tall buildings and smoky stacks; thrown among new and untried friends.

As Thanksgiving approaches, you cannot give a more welcome gift to that boy or girl who is far away; that father and mother who have retired to distant parts; that friendly old neighbor who has gone to the city or to another state; than a year's subscription to the "old home" paper. It will mean an hour's joy, an hour's return of fond recollections to him or her every week of the year—an every-week remembrance of you! And if you yourself are far from your home town, you ought to send your subscription to the paper that will give you the news of the old town.

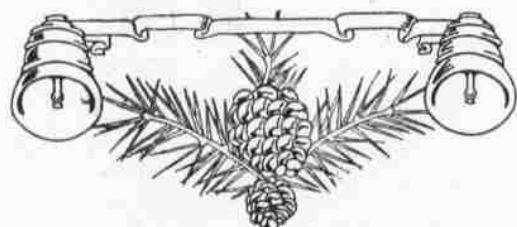
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MIRROR'S

By MOLLIE MATHER.

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The woman in gray sat on the park bench looking wistfully over the river. There was some nameless attraction about her, which caused passersby to look back a second time. But the woman was all unobserving. A tall, distinguished-looking man, entering the tree-bordered path, stood watching her, a satirical smile on his lips. Then, purposefully he advanced and seated himself at her side. The woman, after one startled glance, caught the gray chiffon which draped her small hat and drew it like a curtain across her face; the man laughed shortly.

"Would you deprive me even the pleasure of viewing your features, Margot?" he asked, "or is it that you would hide something there from me?"

"What," the woman answered indifferently, "have I to hide?" The man leaned back regarding her averted face.

"Your true affection for me, perhaps," he said.

She turned upon him then, a small fury, the gray of her eyes darkening beneath their darker lashes.

"You have no right," she retorted, "to speak to me like that. Did you dare—to follow me here?"

The man still smiled.

"I did," he admitted. "I promised," he reminded, "not to revert to the question of love. Yes, I believe that you did love me, Margot, years ago, while I—have never ceased to love you."

"Now," he said breathlessly, "let us have this thing out. Tell me exactly why you are leaving your husband."

She shrugged.

"So many unbearable reasons! His indifference, his intolerance, most of all—his selfishness."

The man straightened. She laughed mirthlessly. "The girl, a queer, bobbed-haired sort of creature."

"I thought when I saw her first in his office that he was unusually patient and painstaking in his directions. The new and inexperienced one was evidently learning to operate the typewriter. It was not my husband's fashion to be so kindly helpful. When I inquired concerning her, I remember that he was evasive, and uncomfortably embarrassed. I met them one evening several weeks later as they were walking in a suburban district. They did not see me as I drove the car. My husband had telephoned that an engagement would keep him from returning home to dinner. I did not mention the episode to him, and he is unaware that I witnessed that evening stroll. It may have come about by chance or accident. I do not care to ascertain. His manner of chilling disapproval, the frowning change in him—made me only wish to free him of my presence."

She arose abruptly.

"Now," she asked her listener, "are you satisfied? I have told you all."

The man considered.

"Margot," he asked gently, "do you love your husband?"

"And if I love him or not," she said wearily, "what is that to you?"

Tensely he leaned forward grasping her hands.

"It is everything to me," he said. "If you can forget those old sweetheart days, I cannot. We pledged ourselves to each other then, and I have never altered. Today I am ready to offer anew the old love, the old allegiance."

Unconsciously the woman's fingers tightened in his own, through tear-filled eyes she looked bravely at him.

"But there would first have to be perfect trust," the man said, "perfect confidence. There is no other foundation for lasting happiness. Our happiness must be lasting, Margot."

From his shoulder, presently, the woman lifted her radiant face.

"Dearest," she said, "I have been trying hard to fight this thing out, while always my heart called for you. And now, of course, there can be no separation between us, you will explain, perhaps, about that bobbed-haired girl?"

The man, who was Margot's husband, looked down upon her with shining eyes. "That was old Wellington's daughter," he answered slowly, "the man who absconded recently with part of the company's funds. The girl lives with her mother. They are as honorable as unfortunate, and together, conceived the idea of working out in a measure the father's debt. It was the only way that they could hope to repay. So we agreed trying to help the girl at the same time by giving her instructions. As my helper, the lot was assigned to me. The night you met us her mother had sent for me to make an offering of gratitude. I could not refuse to go. She wished my advice, Margot, in a gift for you, a choice of certain beautiful tapestries. The girl had asked that her identity be kept secret from everyone, they felt so utterly disgraced, these two. And, Margot, did you never think that my disapproving manner may have been a reflection of your cold suspicious one? We are often mirrors, my dear."

"Then," said the little woman in gray as she clasped her husband's arm, "we shall try hereafter to see in our mirrors the reflection of happiness only, and perfect trust."

The city of St. Louis continues to jump rotten garbage on the hog farm at Summit, showing an unfeeling indifference to the imposition practiced on the good people who travel on trains passing the cars containing the garbage, as well as owners of property along the railroad and for miles around the farm at Summit. The progress of St. Louis is backward in the matter of disposing of her garbage, as well as in many other things. The Missouri Pacific railroad is also being severely criticised for hauling this nasty stuff. The people of this country are not going to stand to have this filth dumped on them any more than the people of other communities who have forced them out, stood for it.—Potosi Independent.

Room for Baseball.
"Bill," said the managing editor. "Yessir?"
"Shoo those movie queens off the baseball page into the fashion plate section."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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